

FREE

SECOND SPINE-CHILLING ISSUE!

31st March 1984 22p
Every Monday

**SPOOKY
SPIDER**

SCREAM!

**NOT FOR
THE
NERVOUS**

Read

LIBRARY



of DEATH

**SPIDERS
CAN'T
SCREAM!**

plus

**DRACULA
THE VAMPIRE
TASTES BRITISH
BLOOD!**

Australia 50c, New Zealand 50c, Malaysia \$1.40, Twenty Pence 2 Marks.

FROM THE DEPTHS...

Greetings once again, mere mortals! Ghastly McNasty, your inhuman editor, here—reporting from the depths below King's Reach Tower! This special SPIDER issue of SCREAM is sure to leave you shivering in your shoes! Have you turned anyone to jelly with your spooky spider? After reading our shock-filled Library of Death story—*Spiders Can't Scream*—you won't be so keen to get the next spider out of the bath. In addition, we've 7 other creepy stories to keep you on the edge of your seat! Till next week, humans... if you dare return!

WRITE — RIGHT?

Normally, I only get letters from Witches, Warlocks, Wizards, Ghouls and other creatures of the night! But in a moment of mad generosity I decided that **SCREAM** readers could also write to me! I want you to flex your measly artistic muscles and send me drawings for Ghastly's Grisly Gallery. Anything you like... as long as it's horrible! You can also make pathetic efforts to send me ghost stories, jokes and suggestions for **SCREAM**. £5 for each item I print. Insist on only one condition... every letter must contain details of your two favourite stories in **SCREAM**. Forget to put that and my rage will be terrifying to behold!

DRACULA SPECTACULAR

Yes, once again my deadly make-up kit has transformed an innocent(?) person into an evil vampire. Who would you like to see transformed? — And into what?

Write to Dracula Spectacular and tell me. If it's a friend, teacher or member of your family enclose a black and white photo. The sender of each suggestion I use wins a **Dracula Spectacular** make-up and disguise set from Pic Toys Ltd.

Russell Harty makes this week's fringed photo. This won't be good for his programme though — no-one would ask him in for a cup of tea looking like that — he's liable to want to drink something else!



GRISLY GALLERY



Do you like the little nasties above? They're the sort of thing I want for my Grisly Gallery! Maybe some of you really brave ones will actually try to scare me with your drawings. But there's no chance of that... or is there?

Are you collecting Ghastly's giant poster? Part two is on the back page... and there are four more creepy parts to come, in future issues of **SCREAM**!

£50 FOR GHASTLY'S FACE!

It's lucky you can't see my face because that would really scare you! But, if you want to know what I look like — you'll have to draw me in all my nastiness. Send your drawings in now to the address on this page and mark your envelope 'Ghastly's Face'. If you get my face absolutely correct you win £50 — yes, that's what I said, **FIFTY POUNDS!** Each week I'll be printing some of your attempts and the senders of those will each win £5. So get drawing!



SCREAM,

IPC Magazines Ltd.,
King's Reach Tower,
Stamford Street,
London SE1 9LS.

A SECLUDED MANSION IN THE STILL-SLEEPING ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE WAS, IN FACT, A 'SAFE HOUSE' RUN BY BRITISH INTELLIGENCE FOR IRON-CURTAIN DEFECTORS. BUT M15 WAS UNAWARE THE LATEST NEWCOMER HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WORLD OF SPIES, ONLY THE SUPERNATURAL... FOR HE WAS A **VAMPIRE!**

MOXON HALL
PRIVATE RESIDENCE

LISTEN TO THAT
DOX BARKING—
SOUNDS REAL
FERIE!

FORGET FOXES—
JUST GO EASY
WITH THAT
STRETCHER!

FROM THE STRETCHER,
ANIMAL-LIKE EYES TOOK
IN THEIR SURROUNDINGS...

MOXON HALL:
IT HAS ALL BOWE
AS PLANNED. I HAVE
BEEN BROUGHT TO
THE VERY BUILDING
I SOUGHT!

HE STILL SEEMS
TO BE UNCONSCIOUS.
SO EASY WITH HIM!

THE FOXES DO
NOT REALISE
WHO
THEY'RE
CARRYING!

INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS HAD
ESCORTED THE MAN ALL THE
WAY FROM WEST GERMANY...

REMEMBER, HE
COULD BE AN
IMPORTANT
DEFECTOR, SO
DETAIL A CLOSE
GUARD ON HIM.

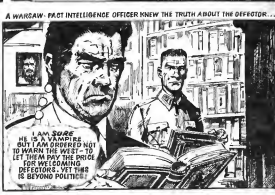
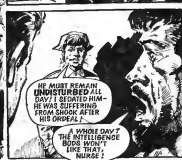
AS THE TOWER CLOCK STRUCK
FIVE, A SHIVER OF ALARM
RAN THROUGH THE MAN ON
THE STRETCHER. HE KNEW HE
HAD TO MOVE QUICKLY—
BEFORE DAYBREAK.

SCREAM

SCRIPT:
C. TINKLE-DAV
ART:
E. RABENHURY
LETTERING:
T. ALDRICH

THE DRACULA FILES







**One turn of
a key would
take Kenny
Corman into
the room
of terror...**

HIS FATHER LAY BURIED, KILLED
BY... WHATEVER IT WAS THAT
LURKED IN THE ATTIC OF
HIS GRIM, OLD HOUSE...



NOW, FEAR CLAWING AT HIS
HEART, KENNY CORMAN
MOUNTED THE STAIRS
TOWARDS THAT LOCKED,
FORBIDDEN ROOM.



TWELVE YEARS - ALL KENNY'S
LIFE - THIS ROOM HAD KEPT ITS
SINISTER SECRET. BUT NOW
KENNY WAS ALONE.



NOW HE WOULD FIND OUT.



monster

H-HELLO, ?



IS
ANYBODY
THERE ?



SCREAM
SCRIPT: RICK CLARK
ART: REGGIE
LETTERING: F. ROBERTS

KENNY COSMAN HAD HAD NIGHTMARES BEFORE.
HE'D WOKEN IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT WITH HIS
FLESH CREEPING AND WITH ICY FINGERS
SQUEEZING HIS SPINE.

HE'D SEEN THE NAMELESS HORRORS THAT
HAUNT DREAMS - THE WARPED AND
TWISTED THINGS THAT WAIT IN THAT
TWILIGHT WORLD OF IMAGINED TERROR.

BUT NOTHING IN
HIS DARKEST
DREAMS HAD
PREPARED HIM
FOR... THIS!



SUDDENLY - THE
NIGHTMARE
ATTACKED!

AAAHH!

TERRURDYOOOOO!

HURRRDYOOOO!

N-ND!

N-KEEP BACK,
KEEP BACK!

HE'S
GOT
ME!

L-LEHME GO
PLEASE!

IN BLIND PANIC, NEMMY LASHED
OUT WITH THE SPADE THAT HAD
DUG HIS FATHER'S GRAVE -



— AND THE NIGHTMARE
SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR,
AND LAY STILL.

WH- WHO IS
HE AND WHAT
IS THIS ROOM?



IN THE CORNER LAY
A MATTED BUNDLE
OF RAGS - HIS BED!



BESIDE IT, A DOG'S BOWL, A FEW
SCRAPS OF MEAT IN IT.

HE'S BEEN
KEPT LIKE
A WILD
ANIMAL...



HE'S GROANING...
HE'S STILL
ALIVE.

UURRR...



SLOWLY, FEARFULLY, KENNY'S
TREMBLING FINGERS TURNED
THE CREATURE'S HEAD TO
STEAL ANOTHER LOOK -

HE'S
HIDEOUSLY
DISFIGURED
BUT HE'S HUMAN.



MUM AND DAD MUST'VE
KEPT HIM HIDDEN FROM
ME ALL MY LIFE. HOW
LONG HAS HE BEEN
IMPRISONED HERE?

WHO IS HE?
WHY IS HE
HERE?

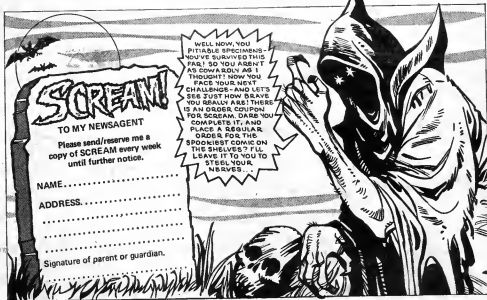


THEN HE SAW THE ENVELOPE
SITTING ON THE DUSTY
MANTEL, AN ENVELOPE WITH
HIS NAME ON IT.

Kenny



... MUM'S
WRITING!



HI, I'M MAX, THE
BUILDING COMPUTER
OVER AT MAXWELL
TOWER.

YOU'LL
REMEMBER
I WAS
TELLING
YOU ABOUT
MR. KEAP,
THE DEBT
COLLECTOR
WHO WAS
THREATENING
THE HENDERSONS,
MY SUPER NEW
TENANTS IN 16B...

THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR

++I'VE HAD A
FRIENDLY WORD
WITH MR. KEAP
BUT HE WOULDN'T
CO-OPERATE
THAT'S WHY I
TOOK HIM TO
MY 13TH FLOOR++

13 TH
FLOOR

BUT THIS BUILDING
AIN'T GOT A 13TH
FLOOR!



THAT VOICE-IT'S YOU,
ISN'T IT, MAX? LISTEN-
WHAT'S GOIN' ON?
LET ME OUT OF HERE!

I WISH
I COULD,
MR. KEAP.



SO, PLEASE-
YOUR DEATH
AWAITS!

WHAAAT?

SCREAM
SCRIPT:
JAN HOLLAND
ART:
ORTIZ
LETTERING:
M. PETERS



I GOTTA BE DREAMING! I MEAN, A CRAZY COMPUTER BRINGS ME TO A FLOOR THAT DOESN'T EXIST AND WANTS ME TO PLAY SILLY GAMES!

YOU'RE NOT DREAMING, MR. KEMP...



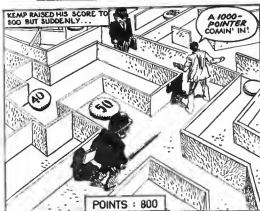


DEBT COLLECTING
ALWAYS HURTS,
MR. KEMP.

POINTS: 000

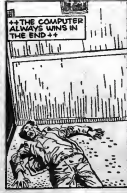


HECK! A
500-
PUNTER
COMING
FOR ME!



POINTS : 800





TALES FROM THE GRAVE

SCREAM

SCRIPT:
TOM TULLY
ART:
J. WHITTON
LETTERING:
P. KNIGHT

REMEMBER THIS
ERE GRAVE, MY FRIENDS:
THE ONE I BE PREPARIN'
FOR **JOSHUA SLEETH**,
THE UNDERTAKER, GOOD!
THEN YOU'LL RECALL
THE LADY WHO CAME TO
SEE THAT BLACK-HEARTED
DEVIL... A WELL
DRESSED FOLLY WITH
DEATH ON 'ER
MIND!

"The UNDERTAKER" part two

"EMILY CARLISLE WAS 'ER NAME, AND SHE'D
OBVIOUSLY 'EARD THAT JOSHUA SLEETH
'LIVED' FOR 'IS GRUSLY WORK..."

AS YOU SAY,
MISS CARLISLE—
YOUR UNCLE'S FRAIL
HEART MIGHT SURVIVE
FOR YEARS! BUT IF
THE POOR MAN WAS
TO RECEIVE A
SUDDEN
TERRIFYING
SHOCK...

IT WOULD
UNDOUBTEDLY
KILL HIM!

AND THEN I—AS HIS WARD—
WOULD INHERIT HIS FORTUNE!
IF YOU CAN, ER... HELP ME,
MR. SLEETH, I AM PREPARED
TO DOUBLE MY ORIGINAL
OFFER TO ONE THOUSAND
POUNDS!

GENEROUS TO A
FAULT! BUT YOU
MUST PROMISE
ME, MA'AM...
NOT TO BREATHE
A WORD OF THIS
CONVERSATION
TO ANYONE!

AGREED—
NOT EVEN MY
FIANCE SHALL
KNOW THAT
WE HAVE
MET!

EXCELLENT! NOW...
HAS YOUR UNCLE GOT
A SECRET FEAR?
SOMETHING WHICH
HE DREADS MORE
THAN ANYTHING
ELSE IN THE
WORLD...

"LATER, AS EMILY CARLISLE RETURNED TO HER UNCLE'S SMART HOUSE IN KENSINGTON..."

EMILY, MY DEAR—WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? IT'S TIME FOR MY MEDICINE!

FORGIVE ME, UNCLE! I WILL ATTEND TO IT IMMEDIATELY!

"EMILY'S AMBITIOUS FIANCE, CLIVE BENTLEY, WAS THERE..."

THE WHINING OLD WRETCH! WHY DOESN'T HE DIE? WHAT GOOD IS ALL THAT MONEY TO SUCH A USELESS BAG OF BONES?

BE PATIENT, MY DARLING...

"THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, JOSHUA SLEETH PAID A VISIT TO THE GRAVEYARD..."

EAT WELL, MY LITTLE ONES! IT'LL MAKE A CHANGE FROM FEEDING ON THE DEAD!

UNCLE HENRY DOESN'T LOOK AT ALL WELL! I HAVE A FEELING THAT HIS WEALTH WILL SOON BE OURS!

THEM RODENTS TUCKED IN, ALL RIGHT! PITY THEY DIDN'T KNOW AS 'OW SLEETH HAD SPIKED THE SCRAPS OF MEAT WITH SUMMATT THAT'D PUT 'EM TO SLEEP!

"A FEW HOURS LATER, HE STOLE AN ANDRISON CAB FROM A RANK IN WHITEHALL..."

SOMEONE COMING OUT OF THE BASEMENT OF HER UNCLE'S HOUSE!

ACCORDING TO EMILY, HER UNCLE GOES FOR A LITTLE SPIN AROUND LONDON AT EXACTLY EIGHT O'CLOCK EVERY NIGHT...

IT'S HENRY-
WEARING THE
GOING-OUT
CLOTHING
THAT EMILY
DESCRIBED...

SLEETH PUT ON A ROUGH,
RESPECTFUL VOICE...

EVENIN' MR
CARLISLE! ALL
READY AN'
CORRECT FOR
YOUR EVENING
CONSTITUTIONAL
I SEE!

EH...?

WHY, ER...
YES, OF
COURSE!

YOUR USUAL
CABBIES GONE DOWN
WITH THE FEVER, SIR.
SO YOU'LL EXCUSE ME
IF WE TAKE A DIFFERENT
ROUTE; PERHAPS A
TROT ALONG THE
EMBANKMENT!

A STRANGE SORT O'
RUSTLIN SOUND WAS
COMING FROM THE
WICKER BASKET AT
SLEETH'S SIDE...

A PERFECT SPOT!
NO-ONE ABOUT! AND
THEY'LL THINK THE
RATS CAME IN OFF
THE RIVER!

WHY... WHY
HAVE WE STOPPED
CABBIE?

IT'S GETTING
COLDER, SIR! I
THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE
SOMETHING
TO KEEP YOU
WARM...

THAT'S IT,
MY LITTLE ONES...
RISE AND SHINE!
SLEETH HAS WORK
FOR YOU!

SEVERAL
THINGS, IN FACT!
THE THINGS YOU
DREAD ABOVE
ALL OTHERS!

HA! HA!
HA! HA!
HAHAHA!

AVIEEEEEEEGH!

OH, NO...
NO!



In Part One:

A fatal mistake...

SPIDERS CAN'T SCREAM!

DEEP IN THE UNTOODEEN HEART OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE, A BURIAL WAS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE. CONNORS HAD ONE OF A BITE... A SPIDER BITE!

LIBRARY



WE WERE TOO LATE TO SAVE HIM. IT'S INCREDIBLE TO THINK THAT THIS TINY CREATURE COULD INFLICT SUCH AGONY!

GOOD JOB YOU KILLED IT, PROF. BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE CONNORS.

PROFESSOR PETRIE WAS A KING, GENTLE MAN... INTERESTED ONLY IN ANCIENT CIVILISATIONS.

IT'S DEFINITELY AN UNKNOWN SPECIES OF SPIDER...

WHO CARES? LET'S JUST GET ON WITH OUR JOURNEY.

PROFESSOR PETRIE'S EXPECTION HAD BEEN ORGANISED TO SEARCH FOR RUINED CITIES HIDDEN BY THE DENSE JUNGLE - BUT ONE OF THE EXPECTION MEMBERS, WAS INTERESTED IN OTHER THINGS!

PETRIE DOESN'T KNOW THAT, BEFORE WE LEFT, I OVERHEARD HIM TALKING TO THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

MINISTER, I HAVE HEARD TALES OF STRANGE BUILDINGS BURIED IN THE JUNGLE, CONTAINING A VAST TREASURE. BUT WEALTH DOESN'T INTEREST ME.

OUT THERE ARE THE REMAINS OF LOST CIVILISATIONS - I'M GOING TO FIND THEM.

THE STUPID FOOL. HE MAY NOT BE INTERESTED IN TREASURE, BUT I AM!

SCREAM

SCRIPT: JOHN AGEE
ART: RON SMITH
LETTERING: J. ALDRICH

THREE WEEKS LATER, THE EXPEDITION BROKE THROUGH INTO A CLEARING.

HEY—LOOK! RUINS!

THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT CITY, UNKNOWN TO MODERN MAN. FASCINATING, EH, MR. CORDWELL?

WATCH OUT! MORE OF THESE POISONOUS SPIDERS.

SPIDERS!

THEY SEEM TO HAVE WORSHIPPED SPIDERS! LOOK—THESE CARVINGS...

WHAT'S THAT ONE?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE THE DRAWING OF A MAN SUPER-IMPOSED ON A GIANT SPIDER!

IT'S FASCINATING! WE MUST STAY AND INVESTIGATE...

I DON'T NEED THIS BORING OLD FOOL ANY MORE. THERE'S NO TREASURE HERE, BUT IT CAN'T BE FAR AWAY.

CORDWELL MOVED SWIFTLY...

TIME TO TAKE A FALL, PROF. THERE'S A SPIDER WAITING TO MEET YOU!

NO!

DEATH WOULD COME IN MINUTES...

JUST ONE LITTLE BITE, PROF., AND FOR YOU IT'S ALL OVER!



THERE WAS AN EERIE, FLUORESCENT GLOW. DESPITE THAT, CORDWELL BLUNDERED FORWARD INTO SOMETHING STICKY.

WHA...? SOME KINDA NETTING! LEFT HAND - TRAPPED!

WHAT THE HELL IS THIS STUFF? IT'S LIKE SUPER-GLUE!

STRANDS AS THICK AS CABLES, AND STICKY AS... A... A WEB!

AND THEN HE LOOKED UP...

OH, NO!
NOOOO!

THE MONSTROUS SPIDER HURTLIED DOWN TOWARDS HIM AND LUNGED WITH ITS FANGS!

CORDWELL STRUGGLED UP OUT OF AN IMPENETRABLE DARKNESS.

HIS MIND WAS CONFUSED... BUT HE WAS STILL ALIVE.

WAS IT A DREAM HE'D HAD — A NIGHTMARE?

HE OPENED HIS EYES, TRIED TO SEE... BUT HE COULDN'T FOCUS...

HIS EYES FELT STRANGE... ALIEN.

THEN AT LAST HIS VISION SEEMED TO CLEAR, AND HE SAW...

YOU'RE WAKING UP. YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE... WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU...

THE VOICE OF THE TINY MAN BELOW HIM WAS HARSH — AS THOUGHT IT HADN'T BEEN USED FOR A LONG TIME...

I REMEMBER FEELING AS YOU DO NOW.

I WAS BITTEN BY THE SPIDER-600 AND THEN I BECAME THE SPIDER-600...

AND NOW I HAVE BITTEN YOU! YOU ARE THE NEW SPIDER-600!

SUDDENLY, CORDWELL KNEW THE MEANING OF THAT CARVED PICTURE OF THE MAN ON THE SPIDER!

NOW YOU WILL HAVE TO WAIT... FOR THE NEXT MAN TO FIND THIS HIDDEN PLACE...

BUT YOU MAY HAVE TO WAIT — LIKE I HAD TO WAIT — FOR CENTURIES... BEFORE YOU FIND A VICTIM TO REPLACE YOU!

CORDWELL WANTED TO SCREAM, BUT OF COURSE...

SPIDERS CAN'T SCREAM!



Dead Story

The Drowning Pond!

FRIENDS and NEIGHBOURS





WHEN I SAY 'GO', I WANT THE TWO TEAMS TO THROW BRICKS AT EACH OTHER.

I HAVEN'T HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME SINCE GRANDMA FELL IN THE DUSTBIN!



No longer pampered pets, they
have become crazed killers...

TERROR OF THE CATS

TERROR HAD STRUCK THE TOWN OF
BARGHESTER. PEOPLE WERE BEING
ATTACKED BY CATS. IN THE LOCAL
HOSPITAL ONE CAT WANDERED INTO
THE CHILDREN'S WARD, AND JUMPED
ON TO A PATIENT'S BED...

THE CHILD SLEPT SOUNDLY,
UNAWARE OF THE DANGER...

SLOWLY, STEALTHILY THE CAT
STALKED TOWARDS ITS
INTENDED VICTIM...

A CAT WHICH WAS NORMALLY
CUTE... CUDDLE SOME...
LOVABLE...

SCREEN

SCRIPT: JOHN ASKE
ART: GONZALEZ
LITTERING:
A KNIGHT

NOT ANY
MORE!

...BUT AT THE VERY
LAST MOMENT
A BROOM FLASHED...

YOU LITTLE
HORROR!
GET AWAY
FROM HIM!

SPIT-SSSS!

RAAOWR!



AFTER HITTING THE DOCTOR ALLEN WOODWARD RACED AWAY, LITTLE REALIZING THAT EVENTS WERE TAKING PLACE IN THE HOSPITAL'S CASUALTY DEPARTMENT, WHICH COULD CONFIRM HIS STORY...



ANOTHER ONE, SIR RALPH - MULTIPLE LACERATIONS ON THE FACE! MELL OF A MESS...

MEANWHILE, ALLEN WOODWARD WAS STILL TRYING TO EVADE HIS PURSUERS...

THERE HE IS!



GOTTA HIDE SOMEWHERE TILL THE HEATS OFF!

THAT DOOR...

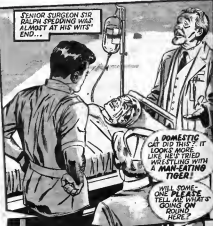


I JUST HOPE I DON'T SNEEZE...

HE'S GOT TO BE ROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!



SENIOR SURGEON SIR RALPH SPEEDING WAS ALMOST AT HIS WITS' END...



A DOMESTIC CAT DID THIS - IT LOOKS MORE LIKE HE'S TRIED WRESTLING WITH A MAN-EATING TIGER!

WELL SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON ROUND HERE?

PERFECT - A WALK-IN CUPBOARD



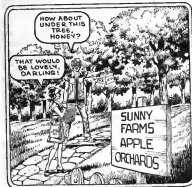
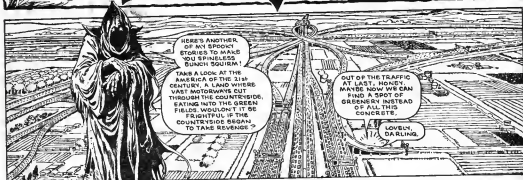
THEN...



OH, NO!

Next Episode: Cupboard killer!

A Ghastly Tale!





A MESSAGE FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED!
DON'T BUY THE NEXT SCREAM!
 THEN YOU WON'T SEE...

THE RATS!



DRACULA FILE!
 TALES FROM THE GRAVE
 MONSTER
 THE THIRTEENTH FLOOR!
 A GHOSTLY TALE!
 TERROR OF THE CATS!
 LIBRARY OF DEATH!

SCREAM! Dare you order a copy?

